

THE
HAUNTED CASTLE:

A

Author's first play

scarce

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

OF TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, CAPEL-STREET,

WITH DISTINGUISHED APPLAUSE.

BY

WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON, Esq.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED BY

SIGNOR GIORDANI.

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M,DCC,LXXIV.

Harding D1760



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR JOSHUA GREYBEARD,	Mr. <i>Baker.</i>
JACK TRIFLE,	Mr. <i>Miell.</i>
CARLETON,	Mr. <i>Leoni.</i>
CAPTAIN BLUFF,	Mr. <i>Glenville.</i>
TRIP,	Mr. <i>Roberts.</i>
DUPONT,	Mr. <i>Whitmore.</i>
O'CARROL.	Mr. <i>Gorry.</i>

W O M E N.

EMILY,	Miss <i>Wheeler.</i>
CORINNA,	Miss <i>Evans.</i>
PATTY,	Miss <i>Palmer.</i>

SCENE, LONDON.

THE
HAUNTED CASTLE.

A C T I.

SCENE I. A Tavern.

JACK TRIFLE, CARLETON, and Captain
BLUFF, *discovered drinking, &c.*

CHORUS.

FILL the rosy bumpers round,
Wine's enlivening joys invite,
Sparkling pleasures here abound,
Jolly Bacchus crowns the night.

Carl. Shou'd ever canker care annoy
The dimpled smile of harmless joy ?
No drooping woe with clouded face,
Shou'd dull the hour of social peace.

Chorus, &c.

Trif. Huzza! this is the way to live—

Carl. A merry life, and a short one—

B

Bluff.

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Bluff. Aye, what matter—ever so short, if we enjoy it:—Eh! what's youth without pleasure?—

Trif. Captain Bluff, you don't know my friend Carleton:—he is a little modest or so—

Carl. Nay, now Jack——

Bluff. Modest! Ha, ha, ha! that's comical enough!—let me see—yes—he looks as if he never smelt powder—a lady's man—all over—from top to toe.——

Trif. Egad, Captain, you mistake—he is no lady's man—he is ashamed to speak to, or look stedfastly at the mistress of his heart—nay—he has not had courage yet to ask her her name, or where she lives.——

Carl. Fye, Jack—you expose me—

Trif. Ah! Carleton, cou'd we share tempers—that is to say—if you cou'd take half my assurance, and I the ditto of your modesty—we might do very well.

Bluff. I don't know—I think impudence can always push its way thro' the world; nor would I ever desire a better shield against the shot of beauty, than a face of brass.—Pray, sir, what sort is your mistress?——

Carl. Oh! she is all that fond imagination paints! but her beauty awes me so much, I can do nothing but sigh and gaze.

Trif. Nothing else—she'd be a great fool to marry you then—

Bluff. Well, bashful sir—permit me, to give you a little of my advice—you see, Jack Trife here—your friend—my friend—and every honest

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honest fellow's friend, is a good, mischievous, lying, son——of Bacchus—I'm giving your true character, Trifle.—

Trif. Oh thank you—go on—

Bluff. I would therefore recommend it to you, before you proceed in your business of love, to go to school to this capable master, and he will give you proper lessons of assurance.—

Trif. Yes, pupil; out of friendship, I shall bring you into a few scrapes, which will cure your modesty; then, out of my generosity, leave you to get out of them, as well as you can; and that will certainly teach you impudence.—

Carl. New friendship and generosity indeed!

Bluff. Your only cure—and in the course of your frolics, may be you'll find out where your girl resides—but—hang it—my time is near.—I've a dozen skulls to crack—your hand, Jack—we'll meet to night, and beat the watch.

Trif. Agreed—Carleton shall help us.

Bluff. Farewel, boys—'pity to part—but—farewel—

[*Exit.*

Trif. Come—there will be fun to night—you shall be with us upon the look out—but—damn it—be more forward—do you think this reserv'd behaviour can melt a girl's heart?—or do you fancy a vermilion'd cheek is sufficient bait for a pretty wife?

Carl. Really, I am too far gone in the extreme; but impute the error to an honest heart, which is above dissimulation. I have known so many powder'd coxcombs, after a short acquaintance, to fall on their knees, and vow a thousand lies, to win the easy fair one to their wanton wishes,

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wishes, that I cannot imagine any woman of sense is to be taken by these cob-web arts, or caught by the unworthy wiles of imposition.—

Trif. Titum-ti—a very good sermon, and well delivered, faith—what a pity, Carleton, you don't wear lawn sleeves.—

Carl. Well, Jack—excuse my absence—I may chance to meet her in her walks, about this time—to tell her, by the silent language of my eyes, the situation of my heart—you may expect me by and by.— [Exit.

Trifle. [*solus.*] I'm a strange fellow—an odd sort of an impudent lover—the reverse of that one—one thing prevents the enjoyment of my wish—matrimony—a horrid pill—but this would make it go down smoothly, if I always had it— [Drinking.

Enter PATTY, with a Card.

Ah! my dear, sweet, blooming—

Patty. Oh!—you're merry, sir—

Trif. Gad so I am—come here— (*flaggering.*)

Patty. Sir,—I—here's a card—

Trif. A card—from my dear contracted Emily—how she loves me—sweet creature—no resisting her—she has such a winning way, that I must marry her—'pon honor—

Patty. Here's the card, sir.—

Trif. True—what does it say? [*reads.*

“Emily's compliments to Mr. Trifle, requests to see him this evening; but as he knows her uncle's disposition, he must come as usual to the dark parlour; the street-door shall be left open.”
—she writes like Sapho.

Patty. Then you'll come, sir?

Trif.

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Trif. Cou'd I withstand such a charming invitation, sent by such a tempting bearer.

Patty. Oh, sir,—you're tipsy.—

Trif. Tipsy! Ha, ha, ha!

Patty. But don't forget the dark parlour

Trif. No--I'll remember it all the days of my life—the last time I was there, according to appointment, I disfigured my nose in such a manner, that I cou'd not go into company for a month after.—

Patty. Oh, pray never mind your nose.

D U E T.

Can you, tardy lover, stay,
When your lady's flame is fervent?
She expects you, then away,
To oblige—your humble servant.

Trif. Patience, fair, I'll go, I vow,
[*flaggering.*

Soon as I can get my feet on;
First, I'll beg a kiss, and now,
With your leave, my pretty sweet one.

Patty. Oh, for shame!—pray let me go,
If you please—what usage this is?
Lord, how can you pull one so?
Devil take him, how he kisses.

Trif. Pray, my dear—you will I know,—
I insist—what folly this is?
Then I'll force you to bestow,—
Heav'ns bless her, how she kisses.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter CORINNA and EMILY.

Cor. My dear little coz, your company diverts my melancholy—the fleeting moments steal away unperceived, beguil'd with your pleasant conversation.

Emily. Ah, Corinna! your hours may have volatile wings, but every lingering day, brings some addition to my pain.

Cor. Poo—cheer up—the want of spirits will appear to be the want of sense.

Emi. You see how I am—have I not contracted myself to a man, who neglects me; whose wandering heart, can never fix upon one object?—

Cor. You will reclaim him—then the inconstant will return, and make a better husband than you imagine: Are you not to see him soon?—

Emi. He has sent me a promise—but how can I believe?—such a votary after pleasure, he would forget me in a scene of dissipation—Oh, Corinna!—what a pity—that a youth endow'd with all the noble gifts of nature, should be spoil'd by the allurements of folly—with his vices, he has virtues to atone, if it was possible to pluck away the weeds.—

Cor. Well, well, perhaps in a little time, your superior beauty, may keep his roving heart.—

Emi.

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Emi. Beauty, my dear, is a short-liv'd flower
—a poor dependance—and many girls would be
more fortunate without it—too often it proves
a fatal temptation.——

A I R.

Th' harmonious lark, that sweetly sings,
Pines in his wiry cage;
And when he might extend his wings,
May meet a fowler's rage.

Th' untuneful crow, is void of fear,
And skims the ambient air;
The sportsmen hold their powder dear,
And, therefore, leave him there.

But pray, Corinna, how do you mean to live?

Cor. I don't know—there's a fellow runs
strangely in my head—I am afraid, you will
laugh at my romantic tale—but love is more
lasting, when it comes by surprize—I meet my
incognito every day in my walks, and then—
we fondly look at one another, and depart—
Ha, ha, ha!

Emi. But you mean to provide for yourself,
my dear?

Cor. Certainly—for my father is such an an-
tiquary, that he pays all his attention to his an-
cestors; and spends his time, in recovering de-
cay'd manuscripts, or cleaning *Abraham's* pic-
ture:——Should, therefore, I trust to his care,
and rely upon him for a good husband—he would
certainly find, if it was possible, some ridiculous
veteran, older than himself.——

Emi,

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Emi. O my dear, any one may know your father's temper, who sees the old fashioned mansion he inhabits.—

Cor. And this is his favourite abode—he styles it his castle, because it is so gothic and long-built—we have tried several means to persuade him against it—but in vain—tho' we told him, it was haunted, we could not prevail upon him to leave it.—

Emi. Well, coz, you'll marry the stranger, when he asks you?

Cor. Yes, yes—but I despair—he seems, but never acts the lover—all I want, is the question—he appears so amiable, that if he sincerely lov'd me, he could easily win me.—

S O N G.

Whenever a lad that's good-humour'd and free,
Shou'd pray I might tenderly use him,
I vow in good faith, I can't possibly see,
What reason I'd have, to refuse him.

For when in fine speeches, he presses my hands,
With hopes, I may kindly amuse him,
And fondly my kisses the lover commands,
I'd blush—but I cou'd not refuse him.

And if he goes further, and tenderly prays
In marriage most kindly to choose him,
I'd look, my dear creature, five different ways,
Before I shou'd ever refuse him.

When I ought to say yes, why shou'd I be mad,
And run such a hazard to lose him?
May she die an old maid, who seeing her lad,
Can find in her heart, to refuse him.

Enter

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Enter TRIP, with a bundle.

Trip. Miss Corinna, your father commands you to mend this old white morning wrapper—he is very eager about it, as, you know, it belong'd to his dead father.

Cor. 'Tis well, (*takes it.*) I shall obey him. Come, Emily, you must assist me. [*Exeunt.*]

Trip. [*solus.*] Egad my time is spent very pleasantly, tho' devoted to the service of an old curmudgeon—who has the hard frost painted in his wither'd face—I humour him, because it is my duty—and I impose upon him, because it is my interest—hush! here he is.—

Enter Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD.

Sir Jos. Oh, Trip!—a most terrible accident.

Trip. Eh, sir—some valuable loss?

Sir Jos. You know the big elbow chair?

Trip. The old fashion'd one?—

Sir Jos. Yes—it belonged to my dear, dear uncle, whose picture is over the chimney piece.

Trip. Well, sir.—

Sir Jos. I was sitting in it, expecting no harm; for I was industriously cleaning my poor, poor, dear, dear, dead and gone, great great grandfather's picture, (peace to his soul)—I have a great regard for my pedigree—the noble family of the Greybeards—but I happen'd in the heat of my exercise, to disjoint the chair—down I tumbled, hauling the picture after me; and, oh, Trip! some how or other, I unfortunately
put

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put out my poor, poor, dear, dear, dead and gone, great great grandfather's eyes.——

Trip. Well, being dead and gone, he can't see the loss of his eyes—but pray, sir, what bust is that, over the stair-case?

Sir Jos. That's true, I have purchas'd the noble head of the immortal genius Shakspeare.—What do you think of it?

Trip. It has a sensible, honorable look:—To be sure, I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Shakspeare——but, I dare say, it's very like him——pray, sir, did you employ the Irish painter you saw to-day?——

Sir Jos. A rogue!—an impostor!—he pretended to shew me a great many curiosities, and said he could produce a wonder in this very country—which was a goose in the shape of a man—I was very desirous to see it, and gave him money—when, behold!—he brought me—my own picture.——

Trip. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Jos. I hope no harm will happen to Shakspeare?

Trip. Perhaps a ghost may throw him down—for they all swear, the house is haunted—as scratchings, knockings, and several other noises, are heard every night.

Sir Jos. May be it's haunted with lovers after the girls—however I shan't leave it—my fine, spacious old residence—my gothic castle! the mansion of the Greybeards; but my daughter and niece want to see company, and stare after men—ay—I saw what would follow, when they began to dress their heads so high—in a year, or two, they may endeavour to touch
heaven

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 11

heaven with them, for they quite forget, the
downfal of the tower of Babel.

S O N G.

A buck is he, a belle is she,
Who dresses like a madam—
Oh fie for shame! not either name
Was ever giv'n by *Adam*.—

Pray see their hair, what mighty care
To powder, dress, and pin it;
Upon a head, as *Æsop* said,
Which has no brains within it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The front of Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD'S house,
with the street-door lying open.*

Enter JACK TRIFLE and CARLETON.

Carl. But it's time to part—it's very late, I
shall wish you good night.

Trif. No—no, boy—you sha'n't wish me
good night, till it's morning—part without a
frolic—hang it!—shall our time go for nothing?
—my burgundy is lost upon you—you lifeless,
inanimated thing.—

Carl. But when the mind is engaged with ten-
der sentiments, it disdains the sportive hour of
mirth.—

Trif. Tender sentiments—oh damn your
tenderness!—I must cure your modesty—
Eh?

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Eh?—a door open!—take a peep, boy, and bring me word, what the family are doing.

Carl. Are you mad?

Trif. By heaven, you must.

Carl. Will you stay for me?—

Trif. Will I!—to be sure—go in—and hark'ee—take care of your nose——I shall wait here.

Carl. I must make a fool of myself. [*Goes in.*]

Trif. [*solus.*] Gad, I'll fasten the door on him—if he goes into the dark parlour, Emily may take him for me—that would be damn'd comical.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Captain BLUFF, drunk, with his sword drawn.

Bluff. Hullo! where are you? Jack! Carleton!

Trif. Here—here, my boy.

Bluff. Well met——I kill'd half a dozen watchmen — fine fun! — broke an old woman's back, because—she was in my way—fine fun! —we are pursued—let us run—where's Carleton?——

Trif. Hush—he is busy—with a girl.

Bluff. With a girl?

Trif. Ay—in the dark.—

Bluff. O! well done, Mr. Modesty!—but are you standing for a sentinel?—Come along—let us leave the couple to themselves. Come, my boy, and crack a few more bottles—we are not half cock'd for a riot—huzza! fine fun!—fine fun!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

A dark Parlour.

Enter CARLETON, groping.

Carl. Plague take thee, Jack Trifle—I shall certainly do some mischief—then I shall be so confoundedly ashamed—It's very dark—where am I going?—I can find no way out—some one coming—bless me! they may think me a robber and commit me to jail.

Enter EMILY.

Emi. I hear him—he has observ'd the appointment for a wonder!

Carl. A woman's voice—I am all confused.

Emi. Are you there?

Carl. Faith I am—I wish I was out again.

Emi. You are never easy any where—nor can any one be who is like you—ever ranting, sporting, drinking, playing, fighting, lying—

Carl. You are the first ever gave me such a character—Oh, I am blushing in the dark.

Emi. Blushing! ha! ha! ha! did you ever blush?

Carl. My common failing!

Emi. Failing—Oh, you are merry, sir.

Carl. Merry—no faith—I am very serious.

Emi. I know your assurance too well.

Carl. My assurance!

Emi. I dare say, you forget when you put out an old woman's eye with the flourish of your cane?

C

Carl.

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Carl. Upon my word I do.

Emi. Oh, then you laugh'd very heartily, and swore she look'd very odd with her one eye.

Carl. Dear me! I never thought I was so witty.—

Emi. Come lay aside your jokes— Can you continue to be longer cruel to a wretched maid?

Carl. Maid! Oh, this is some mad servant girl. (*aside.*) Who is your master, my dear?

Emi. Cupid is the only master I serve, who ever rules and triumphs o'er my heart.

Carl. So, 'tis a Mr. Cupid owns this house I see. (*aside.*) And what does he follow, my dear?

Emi. Follow!—alas! he follows me, and by continual persecution the urchin makes my poor heart bleed.

Carl. How—he bleeds do you say?—Oh, then he is a surgeon I find.— (*Aside.*)

Emi. But tell me, you unkind one—will you be reclaimed and lay aside all your profligate pleasures, to taste the real joys of matrimony?

Carl. Ah, don't be making fun of me.

Emi. I believe you are a little intoxicated— therefore we better depart—I shall speak to you when you are sober—you see—I make free with you.

Carl. Faith, you do so—and I'm dying with the shame.

AIR.

A I R.

Was there ever a spark
So confounded as I?
Now I blush in the dark,
And I can't tell you why.
'Tho' my life was at stake,
I for ever am shy;
Now unable to speak,
And I can't tell you why.

Emi. Modest fellow! ha, ha, ha!—but go
—for shou'd Sir Joshua Greybeard—

Carl. Who the devil?

Emi. Or O'Carrol or Dupont—or any in
the house, see you—you will be certainly un-
done.—

Carl. Oh, for heaven's sake, let me away.—

Emi. You can't go thro' the street-door now,
but you know the staircase.—

Carl. How the devil should I know it?—

Emi. Because you have often gone over the
garden wall.

Carl. Very strange!—(*groping.*)

Emi. Now pray take care of *Shakspeare* on
the way.—

Carl. Oh, the devil take your mastiff! I
hope he won't bite me!—(*groping.*)

Emi. Softly—softly.—

Carl. Oh, yes—to be sure. [*Exit.*]

Emi. [*sola.*] What a noise he makes—dead
drunk!—unfortunate youth! (*a noise within.*)

Ha! as I live and breathe he has thrown down
Shak-

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Shakspeare's head.—The family are alarm'd,
what shall I do ?

Enter TRIP, with a light.

Trip. Zounds ! the house is haunted in reality !—Miss Emily—your cousin wants you.

Emi. I am going to her——by this time he's gone. (*aside.*) [Exit.

Sir Jof. (within.) Oh, my *Shakspeare's* head—my head, my head, is broke !

Trip. What can be the matter ?

Re-enter CARLETON confused.

Carl. I am undone—fell over an image,
and——

Trip. Stand—devil ! ghost ! or spirit !

Carl. Bless me !——

Enter Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD.

Sir Jof. Stop him — hold him — who are you ?

Carl. P— P— Pray, Mr. Cupid, have patience. ——

Sir Jof. Cupid—Cupid—what's that ?

Carl. The servant maid detain'd me.

Sir Jof. The servant maid.——Pray, sir, how dare you break my head a while ago ?

Carl. Oh lord, sir ! I break no heads ! I am a gentleman—I always fight with sword and pistol—but I never box.—

Sir Jof. What is he saying ? — sword and pistol ? Oh, he is a robber !—come to kill us—Oons ! you rascal.—(Oh, I beg your pardon Mr.

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Mr. Gentleman) — why did you break my renown'd, honourable, aged head ?

S O N G.

Rogue ! you ruffian !
Ragamuffin !
Wou'd you had been better bred ?
Who was't bid you,
Or why did you,
Go to break my aged head ?
'Twas the oddest,
Most immodest,
Crime, was ever heard or read,
Sure the fellow
Must be mellow,
When he broke my aged head.
One so wondrous,
Very pondrous.—
For in weight it was like lead,
Zounds ! I'm crazy !
All uneasy !
Since you broke my aged head.

Carl. Stark mad as I live !—faith, sir, your head is *crack'd* !

Sir Jos. Crack'd with a vengeance !—I know that as well as you.—

Carl. I'm sorry to see you *want* a head—

Sir Jos. I do want a head—and you must give me satisfaction, since you broke it.

Carl. Satisfaction.—Sure, sir, as you are a surgeon, you can *dress* it yourself, if it's broke !

Sir Jos. Surgeon—drets it !—why, this is a bedlamite !—thou vain coxcomb ! do you think

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that great *Shakspeare* ever powder'd his hair,
or wore a Macarony hat?—dress it!—
Ha! ha! ha!

Carl. What does he mean—why, sir, your
head is *empty*?

Sir Jof. Empty—I know it was hollow!—
but, sir, who are you that comes to break my
head?—why, thou vile murderer! thou breaker
of heads!—if you continue the trade, you would
not leave me one out of fifty.

Carl. Fifty!—Oh lord, he's raving, and
conceits himself to be a *monster* with fifty heads.

(*Aside.*)

Sir Jof. Who are you?—won't speak—
what brought you here?—won't answer—call
my daughter—may be he'll talk to her.

[*Exit Trip.*]

Enter EMILY and CORINNA.

Child, look at this fellow—did you ever see
such brazen audacity in all your life?

Cor. My lover! (*aside.*)

Carl. My charmer! (*aside.*)

Sir Jof. Ask him, what brought him here?

Cor. May I beg to know, sir, what brought
you here?

Sir Jof. Dumb!—ask him his name?

Cor. Your name, sir?

Sir Jof. Dumb!—ask him is he always
dumb?

Carl. I never was so ashamed! (*aside.*)

Sir Jof. Oons, daughter, get something out
of him.—

D U E T.

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D U E T.

Cor. Say, kind and gentle stranger,
Why tim'rous and afraid?
Expect no sudden danger,
I am a harmless maid.

Car. Thy beauty is so pleasing,
My tongue and heart are gone,
I lost them both with gazing;
For both, by you are won.—

Both. Oh Cupid! little rover!
Thou god of wanton art!
Look down upon the lover,
Restore his tongue and heart.—

Sir Jos. Child, what do you think?

Cor. Why, papa, 'tis a terrible place for losing our heads and eyes—our tongues and hearts.—

Sir Jos. Lord knows what a man may lose next—come, sir—whoever you are—I shall light you out of my house.—

Carl. Ladies, your most obedient—pray don't trouble yourself, sir.—

Sir Jos. Oh indeed but I will—you may break my father's head, in your way. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

Cor. Or his own—and that should be worse—well, coz, what are you considering upon?

Emi. I am afraid Jack Trifle has deceived me—I thought there was a difference in the voice—but did not suspect the mistake; and so, have taken your lover for mine.—

Cor. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

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Enter PATTY, hastily.

Patty. Miss Emily—don't be frighten'd—
Jack Trifle has fortunately escaped a sudden
death.—

Emi. Ha!

Patty. I have conceal'd him—he is not fit to
be seen—you may hate him, as much as you
ever lov'd him—in such a condition, he is in-
sensible of his danger and fault.

Emi. Oh dissipated—wild—infatuated youth!

Patty. I shelter'd him from the pursuing
guards, while his companions were taken.—

Emi. Now, Corinna, the long-wish'd-for
opportunity to reclaim him, is arriv'd—you
know the scheme I have sometime prepar'd for
him—get me your deceased grandfather's morn-
ing wrapper, that we were mending just now
—the house favours my scheme, because so spa-
cious, wild, and gloomy—I may employ the
unnecessary rooms your father never enters in
—and, at length, complete a task, which may
invite my swain to a virtuous life, and bless me
in my fervent wishes.—

F I N A L E.

Since rejected by my lover,
Now, forsaken beauty, aid ;—
Till, his heart I may recover,
And he wed a constant maid.—

Cor. Take me with you—

Emi. Gentle creature!—

Patty.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 21

Cor. I am yours, with all my heart !

Patty. As for Patty——

Emi. Such good nature !

Patty. She will act a busy part.

CHORUS.

God of love, our wishes favour ?

To the constant, be a friend ;

Smile upon each fond endeavour,

Till the lover's heart shall bend.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A spacious room. JACK TRIFLE discover'd asleep in a white wrapper ; at one side a coffin, at the other a table with seven candles.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. **T**HERE he is—totally ignorant of his situation—the scheme I find is to take no notice of him when he awakes, in order to make him believe he is an invisible ghost—hush—he stirs—I must leave him.— [*Exit.*

Trif. (dreaming.) Colonel—fill—ya!—push about—ya!—I believe I broke his head—the dog!—a toast!—tell me—where are you? (*awakes.*) Where the devil am I?—in the round house—hey day—I'm in white—after a frolic by Jove—seven candles!—fine light—a coffin—why, who's dead?—it is nail'd down!—so, so—there is writing on it—I must read—(*reads*) “John Trifle”—that's myself—no other of the name—“aged twenty-one”—egad so I am—“died the 20th of August”—Oh lord!—am I dead—am I a ghost?—in the name of the devil, what am I?—here is Ernily—oh, well—she will tell me all about it.—

Enter

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Enter EMILY and PATTY in deep mourning.

My dear Emily——(*The women take no notice of him.*)

Emi. Heigh ho!

Patty. Heigh ho!

Emi. Cut off so soon!

Patty. So suddenly!

Trif. Why, Emily—Patty—(*they pass by him.*)

Emi. In the prime of his youth!

Patty. Ere he repented of his sins!

Emi. Certainly, Patty, if the dead can be conscious of their crimes, and the punishments of brimstone and fire which attend them, his soul cannot rest in peace.

Patty. Oh, 'tis horrid to think on't—but youth will be giddy and silly—if he had soberly staid at home, or faithfully observ'd his appointment with you—he would not have been murder'd, and sent to the grave with all his sins upon his head—Ah! poor Jack!

Trif. Oh, as I live and breathe, I am dead!—I was murder'd!—I am a ghost—they can't see me—Ah! poor Jack!

Emi. I did not get a parting kiss—Ah, poor Jack!

Patty. I suppose his restless spirit will appear to some of us.—

Trif. Oh, I wish I cou'd—(*walks before them*)

Emi. Poor Jack! I lov'd him more than he lov'd me! but now I am releas'd from the contract, and may marry the first person that applies.—

Trif.

24 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Trif. This will set me mad—don't you see me?

Emi. Heigh ho!

Patty. Heigh ho!

Trif. But, zounds!—Oh, bless me! I'm dead, and must not swear.

Emi. Dear Patty, let us mourn over the coffin.

D U E T.

Adieu! adieu! my love! my heart!

Poor Jack!

Poor Jack!

Is fled away!

'Tis cruel death that made us part!—

Alack!

Alack!

And well-a-day.—

Patty. Farewel — farewel — dear soul—dear youth!

Poor Jack!

Poor Jack!

Is snatch'd away,

By cruel death's devouring tooth:—

Alack!

Alack!

And well a-day!—

Both. I'll weep — I'll weep — all night! — all day!

For Jack!

For Jack!

That's gone away!

This tribute to his mem'ry pay—

Alack!

Alack!

And well-a-day!—

Trif.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 25

Trif. Ah, wel-a-day—it is very pitiful!—

Enter TRIP, pretending to cry.

Trip. The — the — the g——grave-digger is below —and waiting to — to — to cover the b— body.——

Trif. The grave-digger!

Emi. 'Tis well—he must be privately buried—I shall not spare any expence for a decent funeral—it is the last proof of affection I can shew.

Trif. Poor thing! I'm much obliged to you.

Patty. Every thing shall be as it ought—I also shall be careful and see proper justice done to his remains.——

Trif. I thank you, Patty—I'm much obliged to you.

Emi. Come——heigh ho!

Patty. Heigh ho!

Emi. Poor Jack!

Patty. Poor Jack!

Emi. He will court me no more!

Patty. And he will never kiss me again.——

[Exeunt ambo.]

Trif. Ah, poor Jack!

Trip. Oh, the sweet young man—he will never give me any more half-crowns.——Oh! Oh! Oh!

Trif. Trip—Trip—don't you see me?

Trip. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Trif. Trip—don't you hear me?

Trip. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Trif. Why then, damnation! and vexation! do you feel me?—*(gives Trip a box.)*

D

Trip.

26 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Trip. Mercy on me! I have got a sudden head-ach with crying—hark—I'm call'd—Oh, poor—poor Jack.— [Exit.

Trif. [*solus.*] Oh, yes—'tis true—I'm dead, —dead and gone—I can't be seen, heard, felt, or understood! I wish I cou'd appear to some one—Oh, lord—to die so suddenly! I must try and find some one to see and question me— till then, I must wander up and down, a poor invisible spirit!—heigh ho!—Stay—tho' I am departed, I should pray a little, because I forgot all my religion when I was alive—Oh, Jupiter, hear me, and send me back to finish my manhood.

S O N G.

Oh listen, Jove, to the petition
Of a poor restless apparition,
Who fears his end;
Which to your godship humbly sheweth,
He will be good, as well he knoweth,
He did offend.

Since many are the crimes which grieve him,
Pity his case, and kindly give him,
A longer day!
Oh listen, Jove, to the petition,
And your poor restless apparition
Will ever pray. [Exit.

S C E N E

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 27

SCENE II.

Another old-fashion'd room, with busts, antient pictures, &c. &c.

Enter Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD and TRIP.

Sir Jos. Yes—yes—I see how my castle was haunted—with a pack of lovers, forsooth! all I am afraid of, is—they may break my father's head now, or spoil the pictures of my Aunt *Crambo*, poor *Deborah Spitfire*, or Uncle *Johnny Bobbin*.

Trip. Indeed, then, Patty tells me there is a restless Ghost that continually walks up and down.—

Sir Jos. Well—well—I never saw him—Eh—don't you hear a knocking?

Enter JACK TRIFLE, strolling dismally.

Ha! (*Starts.*)

Trip. What ails you?

Trif. Heaven be prais'd! he sees me!

Sir Jos. I—I—I know the—the—wrapper.—

Trip. What—who—where?—

Sir Jos. It is my—my—my father's ghost!

Trip. A ghost!—where—where, sir?

Sir Jos. There—there, sir!

Trip. I see nothing but the pictures.—

Sir Jos. Lord, it appears to be alive—see—my father appears alive!

Trip. Oh, yes, sir—his picture is very animated indeed.—

Sir

28 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Sir Jos. His picture! are you blind?—it is his ghost — I know by the white wrapper—courage—I shall speak to it—hem!

D U E T.

What are you? who are you? and whence are you, pray?

Why do you be haunting me here?
Arrive you from hell, or from heaven, I say,
That thus upon earth you appear?

Trif. Behold, from a dreary black mansion, I'm here,

A restless unfortunate soul!
You only have seen me, or offer'd your ear,
Since destiny made me to strole.

Sir Jos. Oh, how is my aunt *Crambo* and poor uncle *John*?

My dear, master Ghost, let me know,
Is grandfather, grandmother, or any one,
Of all my dear kindred below?

Trif. Below shou'd they be, sir, you shortly shall know,

How ev'ry soul of them fare:
But if to the regions above they shou'd go,
I never can visit them there.—

Sir Jos. Then my poor father is damn'd!
Oh, the fate of the *Greybeards*.

Trip. Who the devil are you speaking to?

Sir Jos. I'm speaking to no devil—'tis my dear father — hush! don't you know the wrapper? —

Trip.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 29

Trip. I can see nothing.—

Sir Jos. Pshaw — blind fool! — dear ghost! tell me why are you doom'd to such a restless condition?

Trif. My crimes — my crimes — Oh, I have been a terrible dog! — how often have I broke the people's heads!

Sir Jos. Eh — dear ghost! was it you that broke my aged head? —

Trif. If broke last night, it was. —

Sir Jos. So it was — so it was. —

Trip. Dear master, are you talking to *Deborah Spitfire* hanging up there?

(*Pointing to a picture.*)

Sir Jos. I wish you were hanging up there, you blind, deaf fool! — pray, dear ghost, why don't you stay in your grave?

Trif. I can't — alas! I dread the many misfortunes which may fall upon my head for all I did. —

Sir Jos. Oh, I shall take care of your head — no accident shall fall upon it — *Trip*, put my father's head up safe. — Now, dear Mr. Ghost, will you be so kind as to depart? —

Trif. No apology — I shall take myself off. —

Sir Jos. And for *Emily's* sake, will you forbear your knocking? — you will hurt her constitution — indeed, the girls say they can't rest in their beds — on account of your violent knocking — pray have a little mercy!

Trif. Poor creatures! — farewel — [Exit.]

Sir Jos. Oh, farewel. (*bowing.*) The most mannerly ghost I ever saw. —

Trip. Why sure you did not see one?

Sir Jos. As plain as I see you.

30 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Trip. Then I hope you will leave the haunted castle?

Sir Jos. No indeed!—is it when ghosts are so complaisant—and when I can get news from my ancestors—no—no.—

Trip. I shall have a bit of fun now—and pretend to see one—(*Aside.*) O, mercy! (*Starts.*)

Sir Jos. What?—what?—

Trip. Stand off, thou pale—thou wan—thou horrid, ugly spectre!—

Sir Jos. Is it my dear father you are driving away?

Trip. Look at him—see him—behold him!

Sir Jos. I—I—I can't see him.

Trip. Dear ghost!—dear spirit!—dear apparition, what brings you here?—

Trip. Ha! do you hear that?

Sir Jos. What?—

Trip. We must leave the castle.—

Sir Jos. Leave the castle—why?—ask my father why?

Trip. Why, Mr. Ghost?—for what?—leave the castle!—he can't!—he wont!—he—

Sir Jos. Don't say that, don't. (*holds Trip.*)

Trip. Ha!—do you hear him—he will pinch you if you don't.—

Sir Jos. There's for you!—pinch me!—inhuman father! will he monopolize my old—old antiquated castle?

Trip. More—listen—do you hear?—why you are deaf, master—he says your daughter and niece must have husbands of their own providing.—

Sir Jos. By all means.—

Trip. By all means, Mr. Ghost—but you must

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 31

must never pinch my dear master—you will !
—no, but you shan't !—

Sir Jos. Don't argue with my father.—

Trip. He shan't be us'd ill by the dead or
the living —

Sir Jos. My father was very passionate.—

Trip. Let me tell you, Mr. Ghost—

Sir Jos. Don't war with the dust !

Trip. You shan't ! you shan't !

Sir Jos. Don't fight with shadows !

Trip. I love my master—and shall defend
and protect him, ———— (*Gives his master a box.*)
Zounds ! what a box he gave me, on the left
ear !—but he's vanished !

Sir Jos. And, what a box he gave me on the
right ear—that was a mighty unmannerly
ghost ! oh, I shall leave my castle immediately,
and bring all my busts, pictures, statues, and
books away !

Trip. Ha ! ha ! ha ! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A supper-room.

DUPONT and O'CARROL, *discover'd at the
table, in winding-sheets.*

O'Car. 'Pon my conscience, a very good
scheme !—I think, monsieur, you become
your winding-sheet extremely well—a thou-
sand pities you are not dead in reality, to be
entitled to it.

Dup. Vell, O'Carrol—Emily be de clever
mademoiselle—fait, she gave me, a goot deal
of monee, to execoot the scheme ; and me cou'd
not resist it.—

O'Car.

32 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

O'Car. I look very well—'pon my shoul, if the house-maid saw me in the dark—she wou'd be frighten'd.——

Dup. Hush! here be de dead mun!

Enter JACK TRIFLE.

Trif. Eh—here's company—apparitions, like myself.——

Dup. Dat vos a melancholly ghost—he do not mix vid de society of apparitions——vot be de cause, tink you—he volks up and doon, but vill not join us.——

O'Car. Oh, you mean Jack Trifle?—devil burn me, but I wonder too——he has left his coffin—mushta, he is a little fatigued, with his journey, and like many living people, walks about sleeping——there he is——let us 'waken him, and may be, he will sup with us.——

Dup. Monsieur ghost! vill you pick a bit?

Trif. Why, is it possible, that dead men eat, sir?—

O'Car. Arrah, can you be so foolish, to think, that dead men cou'd live without eating?

Trif. Excuse me—as I am a stranger to your customs, you must forgive my ignorance.——

(Sits down.

Dup. Fait, dat be true—come, eat away, vore de cock crows, for den, ve must run away.

Trif. The best bit I ever eat in all my life—in all my death, I mean——

O'Car. 'Pon my conscience, if you had fasted much longer, honey, you would not have been able to haunt the castle.——

Trif.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 33

Trif. Now, pray, apparitions, may I ask, the names of my new acquaintances?—

O'Car. Poo, honey, our names always die along with us.—

Trif. Pray, sir, have you left many relations behind you?

Dup. Fait, me did—it be de custom, to take a French leave.

Trif. I heard so, when I was alive! but are we always visible to one another?—

O'Car. Are we visible to one another!—my dear, that just falls out, as it happens!—if we meet, with our backs to one another—we can't see one another—but face to face—we see one another, very plain.

Trif. And pray, brother ghost, are we to live always in this castle?—

Dup. Yes, monsieur—we vill have dances, and balls.—

Trif. Heyday—the castle is very old, and we may throw it down.—

Dup. Vot matter?—no mun can die twice.

O'Car. Arrah, I wou'd venture to give my oath, this castle, will never fall, as long as it stands—ubaboo!—that's true, we forgot to say grace—'pon my shoul, I never can think of it, 'till it just comes into my head—but, come, we may say it now.—

TRIO.

34 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

T R I O.

TRIFLE, O'CARROL, and DUPONT.

How happy, happy we,
Who trip with wanton glee,
How merry—merry here,
Gay phantoms, without fear.

We sprightly—sprightly grow,
'Till herald cock shall crow;
Then pleasure—pleasure reign,
Dear pleasure, without pain.

Enter Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD.

Sir Jof. Why, here is more knocking! Oh Lord!
(falls on his face.)

O'Car. Run like the devil!—the cock is crowing—run.—
(They run off.)

Sir Jof. [solus.]—(rises by degrees.) My whole pedigree! I saw all my family—my father—grandfather—and great-grandfather—at supper!—Oh they will eat me out of house and home—Lord! Lord! I hear more knocking—the girls won't be able to sleep to night!—*(runs off.)*

S C E N E IV.

A smaller Apartment.

Enter EMILY and PATTY, out of mourning.

Emi. And a Mr. Carleton, and Captain Bluff, were enquiring for him?—

Patty.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 35

Patty. Yes, ma'am.—

Emi. When they come again—admit them—'tis time to put my lover out of pain.

Patty. I shall observe. *(Exit.)*

Emily. [sola.] The scheme goes on to admiration, and carries a good effect—the fear and dread, which he is in, have made him so pale as to represent the character he bears.

Enter CARLETON.

Carl. Forgive my intrusion—I am ashamed to speak—but hope for your assistance.

Emi. Sir!

Carl. 'Tis not strange, if I should be enraptur'd with one of the angels in this house.

Emi. How, sir?

Carl. I must shut the door—I should be ashamed if any one would hear me.

Emi. Shut the door, sir.—No—you cannot mean—I do not understand you.—

Carl. Truth is, I am so very modest, I cannot use the terms of love, and hope to prevail on you——

Emi. Sir, you sha'n't prevail upon me.—

Carl. Unkind and cruel! you, will not, surely, deny your generous aid, to bless me, in my wishes.—

Emi. This is so sudden.——

Carl. Impute it to my ardent passion.

Enter JACK TRIFLE, behind them.

Trif. Together!——I shall never rest in my grave——I may listen, as I am invisible.——

Emi.

36 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Emi. Sir—you are very rude—how impudent, to think of prevailing upon a woman of character and virtue.—

Trif. Oh ho! modest lover!

Enter Captain BLUFF and PATTY.

Carl. Madam—damn it—she mistakes—I am so confounded, I can't clear myself—Oh, dear captain, come here—did you ever see me rude to a girl?—

Bluff. Never, upon my soul.—

Carl. Was I ever so bold?

Bluff. Always a coward!

Carl. Rather shy and silly?

Bluff. Very shy and silly!—

Carl. A meer simpleton?

Bluff. A meer blockhead!

Carl. There, madam, you hear my true character—I was only wanting you to bless me, in my wishes, by prevailing on your friend Corinna to crown them.

Emi. Sir,—I beg pardon—and shall see, what I can do for you.—

Trif. In love with Corinna!—now I am satisfied, and may go to my grave in peace.—

(Crossing the stage, is stopp'd by Captain Bluff.)

Bluff. Ha! Jack how do you do?

Trif. Do you see me?

Bluff. Zounds, to be sure I do—what means that white thing about you?—I want to tell you how we escap'd to night.

Trif. But, look at me well—a'n't I dead?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Trif.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. 37

Trif. By Jupiter Ammon, they see me, and
I am all alive.— (dancing.

A I R.

Emi. Did I, gay inconstant, tease you?
Did I frighten you to death?
Yet you'll see, how I shall please you,
And restore your vital breath.

Thus I teach the wanton rover,
What rejected beauty can!
How, to make a generous lover,
Of a dissipated man!

Trif. Tell me, for certain, am I dead or
alive?

Emi. I hope, you are dead to vice, but now,
alive to virtue.—

Bluff. A stratagem, I see!

Trif. Oh, then, farewell to my white
habit. [*throws off the wrapper.*] I wont die
yet awhile, 'till I leave one of my name behind
—and, the sooner I go about it, the better—
therefore, my dear enchantress, you are my
wife.

Enter Sir JOSHUA GREYBEARD and
CORINNA.

Sir Jos. We must leave the castle.

Emi. Corinna—I shall be free—here, is a
husband for you.

Cor. And I am a wife for him.

Carl. Dear, condescending fair one.

E

Sir Jos.

38 THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Sir Jos. Eh—but I dare not say against it—my father would pinch me, shou'd I go between them—and, I suppose, you are going to marry, niece?

Trif. She is, sir—I am her man.—

Sir Jos. I can't help it—for I saw a ghost—a horrid, frightful, nasty looking thing—it was very like you, sir.—

Trif. I am very much obliged to you.—

Sir Jos. Well—we shall take our leave of the Haunted Castle to night, and have a grand supper——so, as we shall be all alive—dancing, singing, and playing—I engage, we shall frighten the ghosts away——what do you think, daughter?

Cor. I agree with you, papa.—

F I N A L E.



Let us dance, and sing, and play,
Join, ye lovers, in the chorus—
Let the old and young be gay,
As our parents were before us.

Chorus, Let us dance, &c.

Emi. Now, our apparitions see,
Of their pleasure, don't deprive them,
For, ye critics, dead they be,
'Till with plaudits, you revive them.

Chorus, Now our, &c.

F I N I S.

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